“The Ballad of Robin”

In London lived a fine young boy,

Who had been left alone.

His mother had gone to serve the queen,

To war his father had gone.

Robin caught a terrible disease,

He could not use his legs.

Robin would someday hope,

They would be better than pegs.

Robin went to a monastery,

He was brought by Brother Luke.

They passed people with the plague,

He sometimes watched them puke.

When he was there,

He learned how to swim.

Getting his legs better,

His only whim.

6W-LG